

Seattle City Council

**Neighborhoods, Arts, & Civil Rights Committee Meeting**

Tuesday, 2 PM, July 8, 2003

**Words' Worth**

The Poetry Program of the Seattle City Council

Curated by Christopher J. Jarmick

Today's Words' Worth poet is **David D. Horowitz**

**David D. Horowitz** earned bachelor's degrees in English and philosophy from the University of Washington and a master's in English from Vanderbilt University in Nashville. He taught college-level English for years at Vanderbilt and later at Seattle Central Community College. He presently works at a Seattle-based law firm as a conference room attendant. David's poems and essays have appeared in numerous journals, including *The Lyric*, *Candelabrum*, *ArtWord Quarterly*, and *The Sporting News*. In his spare time he manages Rose Alley Press, which primarily publishes books of formal poetry. These include his own latest collections: *Streetlamp*, *Treetop*, *Star* (1999) and *Resin from the Rain* (2002).

**September 30<sup>th</sup>**

By David Horowitz

Rose-apricot washes sky between  
Black filigree of oak and pine.  
The park now whispers amber-green  
As autumn pours its wine.

Leaves curl upon the cooling ground  
As lamps first punctuate a path.  
The day, like many lives, has browned  
Into an aftermath.

And yet resilience might yet glean  
New wisdom from mistake and pain,  
And like the reaching evergreen  
Make resin from the rain.

### **U District Dawn**

By David Horowitz

Here seagulls, not roosters, announce the dawn:  
Our sentinels of apartment roofline  
Above thin shrubby lawn  
And two-story pine  
Voice lucent opal seacoast  
Above parked pavement, traffic's ghost.

### **Sparrow**

By David Horowitz

I'm an ounce  
Of flit and bounce,  
An inch  
Of hop and flinch.  
I chirp and chatter,  
Perch and scatter,  
Alert, still:  
The world can kill  
And think it doesn't matter.

### **Ball Point**

By David Horowitz

Slim implement, bless your ink  
No matter what its scribe might think.  
Print black or blue or green or red,  
The hand that writes can free the head.  
The tyrant fears you like the gun:  
You liberate his slaves, one by one.

### **Hope**

By David Horowitz

He said, "I am not a clone."  
She said, "You are not alone."

-- *END*--

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